Vol. V. Numb. 81

THE OBSERVATOR.

The Country-man's *Account of putting the Colours up in* Guild-hall, *and of the Diſcourſe he had with ſome Citizens on that Occaſion.*

From **Saturday**, December 21. to **Wednesday**, December 25. 1706.

Obſ. ROger, thou ar't welcome Home; how happen'd it, that you ſtay'd all Night at *London*? Was there any extraordinary News?

Country-m. No extraordinary News, but an extraordinary fine Show.

Obſ. My *Country-man* in Love with Shows! that's extraordinary indeed! but what Show was it?

Country-m. I have ſeen ſuch a one before, but was reſolv'd to ſee this too. The honeſt loyal Citizens beg'd a Boon of the Queen, which was the Colours and Standards taken at the famous Battel of *Ramilly*, which her Majeſty was graciouſly pleas'd to grant them, to be put up in their *Guild-hall*, as Trophies of *Engliſh* Honour, Valour, and Victory; and which may ſerve to let them ſee how well their Money is ſpent.

I was reſolv'd to ſee what I could of it, and ſo I crowded into *Guild-hall* among the Citizens, where the Flock look'd upon me as a Cow does on a Baſtard Calf, becauſe my Country Mein denoted me to be none of their Society. Stare on, thought I. So I went about the Hall, and look'd at every thing, which indeed was very fine. The Giants had each of 'em a new Suit of Cloaths upon their Backs, and look'd as terrible as *Gog* and *Magog*, or *Aſcapart* and *Bevis* at the Gates of *Southampton*, and every thing anſwer'd in the ſame Degree of Finery.

I had not walk'd long, before a Spark came to me, open'd wide his Mouth, and ſaid, *Friend, what Buſineſs have you here?* I anſwer'd, *Sir, I am not come hither to fight your Giants, or ſteal your Pictures; but I am come to ſee the Show, the Honour of the* Engliſh *Nation, ſet up in this Place; that's my Buſineſs, upon my Country Word. Sir,* ſaid he, *you have nothing to do here; this Place belongs to us Citizens; beſides, I fancy, by thy Looks, thou art a Whig. Aye,* quo I, *ſo I am; and ſo are you too, or elſe you are no good Chriſtian, or good Subject. Well ſaid, Country-man,* quoth another Man that ſtood by, *thou ſpeak'ſt like an honeſt Fellow. I fancy thou art the* Obſervator's Country-man. *So I am, Maſter,* quo I, *I won't diſown it, tho'* Robbin Hog *were here preſent a grunting, as once he was at my Maſter's Tryal.*

At this, I was hemm'd in like a Wreſtler in *Moor-Fields*, and every one was putting a Queſtion to Renown'd *Roger*. I thought my ſelf an Oracle, and theſe my Votaries. But the grand Queſtion put, was, *What does your Maſter think of a Peace? Gentlemen,* quo I, *will you be pleas'd to anſwer me one Queſtion? Are you weary of paying of Taxes?* They all cry'd out, *No, no. Well then,* ſaid I, *there will be no Peace, for we honeſt Country Fellows are of the ſame Opinion with you honeſt Citizens; we will ſell our A—s to carry on the War. I'll tell you what, Gentlemen, before we have done, we'll humble the* French *Tyrant ſo low, that his Neck ſhall be a Footſtool for Queen* Anne. *Upon my Country Word, it ſhall be ſo.* Juſt as I ſpoke this, the Colours enter'd the Hall, with ſuch a Shout as I never heard at a *Wake*, or at *Foot-Ball*. Then I cry'd out, *Ecce Signa! There, Gentlemen; there are your Enſigns of Honour; there's the Purchaſe of your Money; Money well lay'd out in Swords to cut ſuch Lawrels.* I proteſt, Maſter, I never ſaw ſo much Joy in the Countenances of the People in all my Life, as in the Citizens on this Occaſion; nay, the very Giants ſtar'd at the Colours with all the Eyes they had, and ſmil'd as well as they could.

Having ſeen this glorious Sight, I elbow'd out of the Hall as faſt as I could; but I was lay'd hold on by ſome People, *Whether are you going, Country-man,* ſaid they? Quo I, *I do underſtand that the Duke of* Marlborough *dines this Day at* Vintners-Hall, *and I am going there to ſee that Great Man, that has brought us over this glorious Preſent.* Said they, *That's next to impoſſible, there's a great Crowd; you had better go to the Tavern with us, and drink the Queen's and his Grace's Health. Agreed,* quo I, *Gentlemen, I will never be backward in a good Thing.*

So away I went with the jolly Citizens, to the Tavern, where we had a good Fire in a good Room. *Well,* ſaid the Citizens, *Country-man, what will you drink, Red or White?* Said I, *Gentlemen, I muſt be left to my Liberty; I am us'd to drink honeſt* October, *the beſt of Liquors, which is not to be had in this Town. I will drink no Red, for Fear of Sophyſtication; tho' my Maſter will drink it, and at the ſame Time has told me, that one Hogshead of* Cyder, *four Pound of* red Saunders, *four Ounces of* white Arſenick, *is a good Receipt for* Claret. *But,* ſaid I, *when I am at* London, *I muſt do as the* Londoners *do; you are all Winify'd, and I will be ſo at preſent, and therefore, Drawer, bring me a Pint of* Sack *Wine.* And ſo one calling for one Sort, and another for another, we all ſate down to tippling and chatting.

The firſt Glaſs was to the Queen's good Health, and he that refus'd it, was a *Jacobite*, and *Perkenite*, a *French* High-Church Tory, *&c.* We talk'd a long time what a good Queen we have, and how many Friends ſhe has in the Kindgdom. *Aye,* quo one honeſt Citizen, *ſhe has no Enemies in the Kingdom, but the High-Church, the Papiſts, and Tackers, who are like the Bookſellers, Stationers, and P———s, all of one Company, and no one Whit honeſter than t'other.*

Now

Now you talk of Tackers, said one of the Company, *honeſt Country-man, what do you do with ſo many Tackers and tacking Prieſts in your Country?* Quo I, *We have ſo many of 'em, we don't know what to do with 'em; we have tacking Juſtices too, as well as tacking Prieſts; we would be rid of 'em all at any Rate, even to old* Nicholas *himſelf; we would freely giv'n one half, to fetch away t'other, for they are Vermen that hate the Queen and Country.*

Then went about the Duke of *Marlborough* in a Bumper. Said I, when it came to my Turn to drink, *Gentlemen, I hope you won't take it in Dudgeon, if I paſs this Health with Additions and Amendments, that is, let us wiſh the Duke ſuch another Victory next Year, that we may have ſuch another Show as we have ſeen this Day. Gentlemen,* ſaid I, *beſides the Advantage to the common Cauſe, 'tis an Advantage to every particular Perſon. We Country Folks, tho' we don't rejoyce with great Guns, and Flags, and Streamers, yet we rejoyce too. How much Beef, Pork, Mutton, and other Fleſh; how much Butter; how many Eggs, and Milk, (for 'tis ſaid, that there is in your Town one Man that eats a Cart Load of Cuſtard;) what a power of Turkeys, Geeſe, Cocks, Hares, and other Fowl, beſides Bread, is conſum'd in this Day on this Occaſion, and all this you have from our Fields, our Barns, our Daries, and Yards? We don't care how many ſuch Days we have in a Year; and whenever they come, they are Hollidays to you, and Relaxation from Buſineſs.*

Then went about a Bumper to the good Succeſs of the next Campaign; to the Downfal of the Pope, the *French* King, and all his Abettors, and I can't tell how many other Divel-doms in the Univerſe. I found the Citizens began to be very rubicund and talkative, which to me is a ſure Sign of being half drunk. Thinks I, what do I in this Company? My Maſter *Obſervator* has told me a plain Leſſon, that when I do any Thing, I ſhould put the Queſtion, *Cui Bono?* For what good End and Purpoſe do I this Thing? If I ſpeak to this Company neither for the Honour of God, the Good of my Country, or their Inſtruction, I had better hold my Peace; and therefore I ſpoke to 'em to this Effect, as near as I can remember, before the Wine had ſpirited away their Underſtandings.

Gentlemen, God has wonderfully given Succeſs to our Arms; he has bleſs'd us with mighty and ſignal Victories; the Tokens and Enſigns of which, we have ſeen this Day. Now, if we do not make ſuitable Returns to the Author of all theſe Mercies, it may be a Means for God to put a Stop to the Progreſs of them, and to exchange them for Judgments. Our Honour may be eclipſed, our Lawrels may wither, and our Succeſſes may run backward, if our Debt of Thankfullneſs be not pay'd to that Almighty Power, to whom we owe all theſe Victories. Tho' the French *are diſpirited, their Meaſures broken, and their Empire declining, when their Sins ſhall become leſs than ours, the Ballance of Succeſs may encline to their Side; for he that has diſpirited them, may diſpirit us.*

Now you Citizens here preſent, do you eſteem it a ſuitable Return to God Almighty, for ſo many ſignal Mercies and Succeſſes, for you to ſuffer the Envoys and Ambaſſadors of Hell, the Players, to make their publick Entry at Dorſet Garden, *in the Liberty of your once honourable and virtuous City, there to open their Credentials, and liſt your Wives, your Sons, your Daughters, and Servants into the Devil's Service? Is this a ſuitable Return to the Almighty powerful Arm, that has batter'd down the* French *Power at a Blow, for you to ſuffer the Fortreſſes, the Mounds, and Sconces, of* Satan *to be erected in your Verge, without a Blow? Or for Lord Mayors to mock God Almighty, in ſetting forth Orders againſt Prophaneneſs and Debauchery, againſt Plays, Farces, Interludes, and other wicked Inventions, at* Bartholomew Fair, *and afterwards ſuffer all theſe wicked Things to be acted for their own Advantage and Profit? Think of theſe Things, Gentlemen, for if we do not all of us amend our Lives, 'tis to be queſtion'd, whether ever we may meet here again on ſo joyful an Occaſion, as we have done this Day.* So we ſoberly and ſeriouſly parted, and I went and lodg'd at my Inn.

Obſ. I think thou behaved'ſt thy ſelf well. But no News?

Country-m. I minded nothing but Shows the whole Day. I met another Show, as I was paſſing the Street: The *Warwickſhire* Men were marching to their Feaſt, and in the Head of 'em, rode a great ſwinging Fellow, almoſt as big as one of the Giants in *Guild-Hall*, repreſenting their Champion *Guy*; he was dreſs'd up in Armour, ſo that he look'd no more like a Man, than the Horſe he rode upon. Thought I, this Champion was but a Coward, to fight in Armour, and the *Warwick* Men may be well aſham'd of him. Our Champions don't fight ſo now-a-days; all their Armour is natural; no Buff but their Skins; and I have made it my Obſervation, that Armour, Head-Pieces, and Buff, is generally worn by ſuch as the City Train'd-Bands, that play at Soldiers, and never fight.

Obſ. What Armour wilt thou wear, when thou goeſt to fight?

Country-m. I hate fighting, and when you put that upon me, I will leave your Company.

Advertiſements.

*** The Flying Pen, a New Short-Hand Book, juſt publiſh'd. To be ſold or taught by *W. Maſon*, at the *Hand* and *Pen* in the *Poultry*.

*** Dropt on Friday the 20th of this Inſtant *December*, betwixt *Bread-ſtreet* and *Throgmorton-ſtreet*, a Muff of a Fox Colour; whoever has taken up the ſame, if the Perſon will bring it to Mr. *Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*, a reaſonable Reward will be given upon Delivery of the ſaid Muff.

Juſt publiſh'd,

*** The Barbacue Feaſt; or, The Three Pigs of *Peckham*, broil'd under an *Apple-Tree*: Where the Cooks were Numberleſs; the Company Maſterleſs; the Meat carv'd with Hatchets; and Punch drank by Pail-fulls. By the Author of *The Trip to Jamaica*. Sold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. Price 6 *d.*

*** The Balm of *Gilead*, or, the Reconciler and Compoſer of the preſent Differences and unhappy Diviſions among us. Wherein is maintain'd, that it is in the Power, and ought to be the Care and Endeavour of our Governors, to ſuppreſs them: And that this may be done with the Conſent, and to the Satisfaction of all honeſt *Engliſh*-men of either Party. By *E. T.* a true Friend of the Church and Kingdom of *England*. Price 6 *d.* Sold by *B. Bragge* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*.

*** Advertiſements for this Paper, are taken in by *B. Bragge*, at the *Raven* in *Pater-Noſter-Row*; and *E. Meere*, at the *Black-Fryar* in *Black-Fryars*.

LONDON, Printed for the Author, JOHN TUTCHIN.